A Congratulatory POEM,

To the Honourable Admiral *Ruſſel*, on his *Glorious Victory* over the *French Fleet.*

LOng did the Languiſhing *Brittania* grown
Beneath *French* Power on the *Engliſh* Throne!
French Councills, *French* Debauch'ry rul'd the Roſt,
And gen'rous *Engliſh* Courage quite was loſt.
Blake, *Deane*, and *Lawſon*, whoſe each ſingle Name,
Without an *Epithet*, ſwells the *Cheeks of Fame*;
England's brave Hero's, who diſdain'd to Bear
The *Romiſh* Yoak, or *Gallic* Fetters wear;
Who all the *Naval* Power of *Europe* Sway'd,
And ſturdy *Algerines* their Laws obey'd:
Loaden with glory, *Theſe* their Lives reſign,
And their lov'd Names in Fames bright Annals ſhine.
Great *Ruport*, and brave *Monk* a while Support
The *Engliſh* Valour, ſince made *Europes* ſport,
With theſe fell th' Honour of our Engliſh Fleet,
Degenerate Souls *Degenerous* acts commit!
Soft *Daliance* now *Emaſculates* the Land,
Old Captains laid aſide, and *Boys* Command;
For *Balls* and *Maſquerades* highly renown'd,
And *Tilting* Beedles in their Midnight-round;
Effeminate Courts *Effeminate* Youths employ,
Theſe keep not up our glory, but deſtroy.
An *Engliſh King* Mannag'd by *Bourillion*,
Is a fit *Tool* t'advance the *Gallic* Throne!

Thus *We* who gave the boundleſs Ocean Law,
And our Confederate Neighbours kept in *Awe*,
Scorn'd and deſpis'd like *Abjects*, were become
Slaves to the *French*, and *Proſelites* to *Rome*.
At length Great *Brittains* better Genius ſaw,
The heavy Yoak her *Sons* were forc't to draw,
And with *Compaſſion* touch'd the *Generous Naſſaw*.
Naſſaw the Darling of Heav'ns kinder Powers,
Our *Native Freedom* to our *Iſle* Reſtores;
Like the *Firſt Kings* or Chiefs, with Courage ſtout,
He to the Battel leads his *Captains* out,
In hotteſt Actions *Foremoſt* he appears,
Nor ſhuns the *Combat* check'd by *Guilty Fears*,
His *Martial* Heat th' Old *Engliſh* Courage warms,
Rais'd, and *Revives* the Credit of her *Arms*:
From *Rav'nous Lewis* he a *Kingdom* tore,
Forc'd him his *Boaſted Ireland* to Reſtore, (Shoar,
And drove his baffled Troops home to their ſlaviſh
With winged Force purſues him on the Main,
And checks the Progreſs of his *Grand Campain*;
Whilſt ſhifting *Luxemburgh* in Entrenchments hides
His ſneaking Troops, and *Faſtneſſes* proyides:
His vaunting Squadrons dares not ours engage,
But dread the ſhock of Conq'ring *Naſſaw*'s Rage;
The Battel of the glorious Field they ſhun,
And avoiding Fighting, may be ſaid to *Run*.
Brave *England*'s King, who knows not to b' affraid,
Hath all the *Daring* Stratagems eſſaid,
But all in vain, ſince the *Inglorious French*,
Fearful of Vengeance, meanly do Entrench.

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Honour

Honour and *Arms* Great *Orange* Nobly Courts,
Lewis to Treacherous *Poiſonings* Reſorts;
Conſcious, when thoſe his helliſh *Arts* ſhall fail,
He ne're can by his *Guilty* Arms prevail.
On the *French* Conqueſts now our Monarch ſtands,
And makes them Tributary to our Bands,
With *Engliſh* Troops *Dunkirk* in Pound he keeps,
And betwixt *Lewis* and his *Dunkirk* ſleeps;
Dunkirk that's lodg'd in *Lewis's* panting Breaſt,
As of her *Callais Mary* once expreſt:
Dunkirk before, by *Engliſh* Valour ta'ne,
And for *French* Piſtols baſely Sold again:
Great *William's* Sword muſt now the Knot untie,
And regain by *Arms* what *France* with *Gold* did buy:
Whilſt our great King, on Land, ſuch *Glories* meet,
To *You* he leaves the Conduct of his *Fleet*;
You who have laid freſh Lawrels at his Feet.
Ruſſel before *England's* Reſpects might Claim
For a *Champion*, and a *Martyr* of that Name,
You more a Debtor have your Country made,
And rais'd that *Fund* of Honour they had laid.
True to the Truſt the *Royal Pair* Repos'd,
Their Intereſt and their Kingdoms *You* eſpous'd.
The firſt Years Expedition ſpent in vain,
Hunting for *Tourvill* on the Foaming Main;
That bluſtring Monſieur, who the Year before
Show'd his great *French Armada* on our Shoare,
Burning five *Fiſher-Boats*, durſt attempt no more.
At Land, and Sea the *French* like Courage ſhow,
With equal *Force* they dare not ſee their *Foe*.

The *Engliſh* Navy o're the Ocean Rides,
Proud of that glorious Burthen on her Tides,
With Indignation ſcowres the Channel Round,
But neither *Tourvil* nor his *Fleet* were found;
Our eager Youth near mad with Martial Rage,
Hunting a Foe they could not come t' engage;
Perplext, and Raving, ſcarcely they forbear,
With violent Hands their very fleſh to tear.
Mean while our *Heroe* with great pain ſuppreſt
The burning *Indignation* in his Breaſt,
He forc't his ſwelling *Paſſion* to obey,
And for the next *fit time* for Vengeance ſtay.
Kind Heav'n *agreed*, and with a wiſht for gale
Upon our *Fleet* this year drove fifty Sail,
Their warm Reception quickly made them know,
They now in earneſt met a generous Foe,
Would try their Courage e're they'd let 'em go.
With pompous Rage the *Admirals Admirals* meet;
Ours glad they'd *found* at laſt, the *Gallic* Fleet,
And whatſoe're detracting French-men ſay,
But *Forty* of our Ships could come in play;
Th' unequal Odds our *Captains* ſcorn to ſhun,
The *Leſſer* Number *Greater* Glory won.
With Peals of Joy our Men the Welkin tear,
And with *preſaging* Huzza's cleave the Aire,
Glorie's their aim, and that they cloſe purſue,
With warmth the *French* were unaccuſtom'd too.
Stout *Carter* who too early loſt a Thigh,
With his laſt Breath did ſtill the Foe defie;

He

He saw himself *Reveng'd* e're he expir'd,
And to the bed of *Glory* strait retir'd.
Through gusts of Thunder *bright Brittania's* hurld.
To find the *Mistress* of the *Wat'ry World*,
She whom vain glorious *Lewis* built to sway
The *Ocean*, as the *Land* must him *obey*;
May she the *Omen* of his *Fortune* be,
And his *Arms* at Land succeed as those at *Sea!*
Resolved *Russel* storms her lofty sides,
Humbles the vaunting *Motto* of her pride,
All heat, all indignation, peals of Fire
Break from his roaring Tyres, the affrighted Air
Trembling and wounded, to the *French* Coast flies,
And Echo's out their *Navy's* Obsequies.
Tourvill, with warmth not seen in *French* before
Receives the broad-sides which our Cannons poure,
He all his *Force*, and all his *Skill* applied
To keep Victorious *Russel* from his side,
But all in vain, *Englands* Brave *Admiral* knew
The *Oceans Soverainty* was *Englands* due;
Close to the Monsieurs fiery sides he bore,
And with fresh Thunder *Storms* him o're and o're;
Their Murthering Ball thick as their hail shot flew,
And every broad-side doth their rage renew;
With Fire *Brittania* clouds the *Rising Sun*,
And in flaming Circles on his *Orb* doth run,
Arm-yard to Arm-yard closely they Engage,
And in loud roaring vollies tell their Rage;
Ne're on the *Sea* was greater bravery shewn,
Nor Honours prize with greater Glory won.

After

After *Five Hours* diſpute in Smoaky Clouds,
Storming of *Hulls*, Rending of Sinwey *Shrouds*,
With all the Horrid pomp a *Naval* Fight
Could e're preſent, or Scaly Squadrons 'fright;
The *Riſing Sun* ſinks in the Watry deep,
And his *Shining Glories* in her *Waves* doth ſteep.
Th' *Immortal Palme You* Mighty Sir have won,
And have *Eclipſt* proud *Lewis*'s Riſing *Sun*.
So have I ſeen in a diſturbed Air
Two Sable Clouds meeting from Regions far,
Grown big with Tempeſts, at each other Flaſh,
'Till their loud Storms have made Heav'ns vault to crash,
Their Fires meet, and *Combat* in the *Sky*,
And *Bellow* out their *Thunders* from on High,
Diſgorging Flame, as if the Globe they'd burn,
And *Earths Foundations* into Aſhes turn;
Their *Sulph'rous Store* being ſpent, they melt in ſhowers,
And Rapid Torrents from the Mountains poure:
In *Lightning* they begin, in *Rain* Expire,
And *Neptunes* Flood Extinquiſht *Vulcans* Fire.
Nor did your *Captains* little *Bravery* ſhew,
They ſignalliz'd their Courage on the foe,
Your great Example did their *Spirits* Raiſe;
Each Fought for, and deſerv'd a Conquerers Bays.
Your Maſter, on the *Land*, his Troops Inſpires,
At *Sea You* Animate with your Martial Fires.
Three mighty *Ships* into the Air were blown,
Monſieurs flew *capering* up, came *tumbling* down:
The reſt o'th' ſhatter'd Fleet make to *La-Hogue*,
And ſeek *Protection* from *St. Patrick*'s *Brogue*;

Lillie-

Lillie-Boliero's, who their *Country* loſt,
Were now made *Guardians* of the *Norman* Coaſt,
Theſe ſaw their *Burning* Squadrons in the *Bay*,
On their *own Coaſts* their *Ships* became *our* prey.
Boaſt not of *Mons*, by Treacherous Prieſts *betray'd*,
Nor *Namur* which the *Floods* thy *Captive made*!
Whilſt *Heav'n* with faint *Te Deums Lewis mocks*,
And with *Falſe* Tryumphs *buoys* his fenceleſs *Stocks*,
On his own Shoar his *Flaming Flota* lies,
To the *Engliſh Admiral* a *Sacrifice* :
Brave *Ruſſel* ſcorns his *Glorious King* to greet
With a leſs *Bonfire* than the *Gallic Fleet*.
Methinks I ſee the King of the great Deep
With all his Trytons Halcyon Revels keep,
Glad their *Right Lords* Reſume their Ancient ſway ;
Swearing Allegiance to *Brittannia*.
The *Syrens* our *Brittania's* Tryumphs ſing,
And in Shells of Pearl Quaf Healths to *Brittains King*,
The joyful *Sea Gods* pledge the Bumper round,
And with ſhril whiſtles make the *Sea* reſound.
Stave a French-prize, quoth *Neptune*, and Advance
A Health to *England* in the Wine of *France* ;
That Conqu'ring *Herce* ſhall their Topſails Lower,
And *Tributary France* ſhall own *his* Power ;
Annals to come ſhall with *his* Conqueſts ſwell,
Turky, and *India* ſhall *his* Tryumphs tell.
To the *Levant*, and *Utmoſt Eaſt* then Fly,
And tell each *Port* this Glorious *Victory*.
This ſaid they all Obey'd.

But more *ſubſtantial Votes* attend *your* praiſe,
Cæſar, the *Senate*, and the *City* raiſe
Eternal *Trophies* to their *Admirals* Name,
Shall equalize the longeſt date of Fame.
So the *Old Romans*, when their *Generals* prove,
By brave *Exploits*, worthy their *Country's* love;
Raiſe *Obelisks*, and *Statues* to make known
The *Victories*, and *Battels they* had won.
When future *Parliaments* ſhall come to Note
In their Records our *Auguſt Senates* Vote,
With what *Unanimous conſent* they own
The *Courage*, *Conduct*, *Faith* your zeal hath ſhewn:
Reſtor'd its former Glory to our *Iſle*,
And of a *Navy* made a *Funeral Pile*;
This in times Callendar ſhall far ſurpaſs
The *Roman Marble*, or *Corinthian Braſs*.
'Tis *Englands Thanks* that are acknowledg'd due
By her great *Repreſentatives* to you!
May no *Invidious Vermine* ever tear
That ſacred *Vellom*, let it always bear
To future times the *Mighty things* you've done,
And an *obliged Kingdoms* praiſe have *won*.
May *pale* and *Trecherous Envy* ever hide
Her *guilty head*; whilſt ſtill each flowing Tyde
Shall waft freſh Tryumphs to *great Ruſſel's* Name,
And far as th' Ocean Rowls your *high deſert* Proclaim.

Licenſed according to Order, E. Bohun.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When this was Written, Dixmuyd *and* Fernes *were in the* Engliſh *Hands*

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